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Wyvern Master



wyverns

adventure

magic

113 4 9

Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

The roar of the cheering crowd pounded in Ash's ears. He tightened his grip on his spear. The first wyvern, the aquamarine male, lay twitching as he gasped his last breaths. Ash's attention was on the jade-green female circling him. She bled from several minor spear-pricks. Her glittery cold eyes followed his every move.

The wyvern feinted to the right then darted for Ash's heel with her long, snake-like neck. Her beak clacked in frustration when he dodged the crippling strike. Ash swung the knotted end of his rope, teasing her like a kitten, tempting her to pounce and expose herself. She scorned the distraction. He moved closer, one step at a time, knowing she was trying the same game on him. Lightning-quick, she bounded forward with a great roar, throwing wide her slashed wings in an attempt to startle him into fright. Ash stood his ground. A practiced hook of his wrist sent the rope's noose end sailing over her head. She balked and twisted as it tightened around her throat. Ash snapped the rope taut and walked deliberately forward into the center of her vision. The crowd's gasp was audible.

The slightest hint of fear would trigger her predatory instincts, and he would die instantly between her teeth. But Ash had never feared a wyvern.

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He jerked again and wat
presence, spreading her wings, she tested the air, but did not jump. Perhaps she could sense it
must fail. Ash sighed. She had proven intelligent and spirited. If only the delicate pite

membranes of her wings had not already been slashed. He hated this part of his job. Out of nowhere, her snout shot at him and gashed his bare shoulder. He cursed his brief lapse of focus and brandished his spear in her face. She screeched. Ash pressed forward, threatening her with its point. She batted it away with long, curved talons, but he whipped it around and jabbed her elbow. Her scream told him he was nearing his goal. He backed off a few paces. Too enraged for caution, the wyvern launched herself towards her tormentor. Ash raced forward and planted his spear in the ground so that her scaly breast was transfixed upon it. His aim was perfect; it slid squarely into her heart as she sank to the sands. He watched the light in her eyes flicker out. The crowd stood in thunderous ovation.

Sweaty, tired, and bleeding, Ash walked off the field in hollow triumph only to be stopped by two men with maces looped through their belts.

Chapter 3 by Sheemy Dee



Ash stopped noticing one of the men had a look of worry upon his face. What could it be Ash thought, none the less he press forward, only to be distracted by a light from the center of the ring. Could it be he thought? No, it couldn't be. the wyvern was not dead. In hindsight that explained the look of worry on the guy face. As he turned. The wyvern was airborne and delivered a powerful blow to his face. He was now in the position that he so cleverly got out of before. Only this time it would prove to be much more of a task than that last. If

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